

The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 22 to 23 Park Row, New York.
 J. ANOUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas. JOSEPH PULTZER, Junior, Sec'y.
 23 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
 Subscriptions Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and
 World for the United States All Countries in the International
 and Canada. Postal Union.
 One Year \$3.50 One Year \$5.00
 One Month .30 One Month .50

VOLUME 52. NO. 18,242.

DETECTIVE STORIES.



done by Commissioner Dougherty's men in the case of the Jackson murder at the Hotel Iroquois.

Here was an actual crime as strange as fiction, and presenting some complications not found in the stock in trade of up-to-date writers of detective stories.

The arrest within less than twenty-four hours after the crime was committed of the bellboy Geidel, the confessed murderer, involved photographic identification of finger prints discovered on the bottle which had contained the chloroform employed by the assassin, and from which bottle the druggist's name on the label had been craftily effaced. Of course the application of the Bertillon system in detective work is no novelty, either in fact or fiction. Conan Doyle had Sherlock Holmes working it away back in the first series. But, as it turns out, the finger-prints on the chloroform bottle were not those of the man who committed the murder, but of the Coroner who first investigated it. The clue that ran Geidel to earth was unraveled by the police detective, Van Twiestern, who found a second label under the defaced one, and by means of two letters traced the bottle to a pharmacy in Newark, N. J., where the druggist had sold the chloroform to a woman who kept lodgers, and one of these lodgers was the discharged bellboy of the New York City hotel which was the scene of the mysterious crime.

Is this more extraordinary than the things which transpire every few pages in the Conan Doyle stories? Perhaps not. But the Doyle stories, and all other detective tales fabricated from fancy, start where this one ends, with the solution of the problem already in hand, so that the author has only to make his Holmes or Vidocq or Dupin work backward through a labyrinthine groove carefully cut out for him in advance.

For a real and still undeveloped detective story there are attractive possibilities in that safe-blowing at Ardsley, by Hudson River pirates who made their escape in a swift and unidentified motor boat.

More dramatic and awesome by far is the Beattie murder mystery in Virginia, where bloodhounds have been brought on the scene in the endeavor of the prosecution to ascertain whether it was a highwayman or the husband who killed the hapless young wife in an automobile passing along a lonely road.

The dogs, taken to the spot where the girl-wife was slain, sniffed about in the road, then lifted up their heads and bayed without moving in their tracks. They refused to take any scent that left the place, and it was as if they cried aloud that the murderer was there, and that it was useless to look further.

Both a motor-boat chase and a bloodhound scent occur in the Sherlock Holmes tale called "The Sign of the Four," if we remember rightly. But how trivial and fantastic such imaginings appear when compared with the still unsolved dramatic riddles of life and death that confront us in the actual news of the day!

INSTITUTIONS VS. MONUMENTS.

THE United Italian Societies, and four of the five Italian daily newspapers published in New York City, are opposing the scheme to erect here a monument to Dante by the sculptor Ettore Ximenes, who did the Verazano in Battery Park. The opposition is not based on artistic grounds, nor is it primarily due to the fact that scarcely a third of the \$30,000 needed for the work has been raised, although the promoters announce that their big bronze will be dedicated somewhere, in October. The main point, as stated by Editor Frugone, of the Evening Bulletin, is that before any more Italian monuments are put up in this town, some schools and hospitals should be built, and something practical done to uplift the neglected poor of that nationality.

"With the exception of two small hospitals that Italians contribute to," says this outspoken publicist—who himself came to New York thirty years ago, and learned the English language in such an institution as he urges should be fostered now—"our Italian colony of about 500,000 does not do a thing to care for itself. We hear about Italian criminals, and we see the vast number of poor among us, many of whom we have to send to the institutions supported by our friends, the Americans. Monuments can't remedy these conditions."

This argument has been set forth repeatedly in The Evening World. Now that our Italian contemporaries are beginning to wake up, some much-needed reforms may be looked for—whether the Dante monument is a go, or not.

Letters From the People

Rev. 28.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Will you kindly tell me on what date of the month Thanksgiving fell in 1914?

The City's Bath.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I wish to supplement the splendid and most opportune letter of John T. Nagle as to the needs of a city bath at Coney Island. Outside of the refreshing, relieving and most enjoyable pleasure, a

sea bath (if not overdone) will create a sanitary effect. While we realize that the taxpayers' money should at all times be safely guarded, I hope to see in the near future more municipal bath-houses with the fee for appointments five cents a person instead of the contemplated rate of 10 cents. JAY.

No.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Is there an Edison star? E. HABERLAND.

Let George Do It! By George McManus

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).



Mrs. Jarr Teaches a Lesson to the Effect That a Man's Heart Cannot Be Reached by Telephone

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

By Roy L. McCardell.

LARLA MUDRIDGE burst into the Jarr apartments and into tears simultaneously.

"Why, whatever is the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"What's the matter, Clara?" cried Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Do not speak to me! Don't speak to me!" replied Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"Pshaw!" said Miss Mudridge almost contemptuously. "Do you think I'm bothering my head about a MARRIED man? But I did think Mr. Jarr was my friend. And only he and you knew!"

"Knew what? I declare I'm losing patience!" said Mrs. Jarr testily, because Miss Mudridge had implied that Mr. Jarr wasn't worthy of being tempted by any and all means.

"Mr. Jarr and you and I were the only ones that knew my poor, dear Jack's awful secret!" replied Miss Mudridge. "Of all the world we three were the only ones aware that my poor, dear Jack's whole life was one strong, manly struggle against the drink demon!"

"Shucks!" said Mrs. Jarr, impatiently. "Jack Silver isn't any more addicted to drink than you are!"

"But he told me so!" wailed the fiancée.

"They'll tell you a lot of things when they first realize they are engaged to be married and begin to weaken on it," said Mrs. Jarr, coolly. "But what has my husband got to do with it?"

"He's taken my dear boy out and is drinking with him. He'll get him into

mentally.

Then her tone changed and she said, in a firm and measured voice: "I'm indebted to you for all you've done, Mrs. Jarr, but you can leave it to me that I know how to handle a man after I'm engaged to him. Whether he keeps the telephone disconnected or not, it makes a man think he's mighty important when his fiancée has him always in mind. I have known lots of girls to lose a good chance, no matter how scared the men seemed, who waited to be approached, who let their fiancés show all the anxiety.

"The girl that shows she cares for a man, thinks of him all the time, and never lets him alone a moment after he proposes is the one who gets him. A man who is afraid his sweetheart will kill herself or make a dreadful scene or sue him and show his letters if he dares her, doesn't desert her. No man as eligible as Jack Silver will ever have the chance to say to me, 'You never evinced any interest or affection!'

"You're a smart girl, Clara!" said Mrs. Jarr, admiringly. "But how did you know that Jack Silver is out with Mr. Jarr?"

"I got so alarmed that I called at Jack's apartments and that dreadful Williamson, his valet, grinned at me and told me he was with Mr. Jarr, and, furthermore," here Miss Mudridge's voice took a tone of horror, "they had gone to Gus's cafe together."

"My dear girl, this is serious!" said Mrs. Jarr.



IN ANCIENT GREECE

THE old sailor's little puzzle boat of jumping pegs is solved in forty-seven moves, as follows:

1. Move East
2. Move West
3. Move West
4. Move East
5. Move South
6. Move North
7. Move North
8. Move South
9. Move East
10. Move South
11. Move West
12. Move North
13. Move West
14. Move North
15. Move West
16. Move South
17. Move East
18. Move East
19. Move West
20. Move North
21. Move West
22. Move North
23. Move South
24. Move South
25. Move East
26. Move North
27. Move West
28. Move East
29. Move South
30. Move North
31. Move East
32. Move South
33. Move North
34. Move West
35. Move East
36. Move South
37. Move North
38. Move East
39. Move West
40. Move South
41. Move East
42. Move West
43. Move North
44. Move South
45. Move East
46. Move West
47. Move South

ANSWER TO LAKE PUZZLE.

That lake, as shown in the picture, contains exactly eleven acres. The many letters, therefore, which gave 'nearly eleven acres,' or 'about eleven

Fashion Notes From Paris

THE Grand Prix at Longchamps, which closed the social season for the summer, was a grand success from a fashion standpoint, since the crowd of fashionables was the largest seen at any of the recent races.

If any one had any doubt as to the acceptance of East Indian effects they were dispelled at the Grand Prix and the steeplechase the previous week. One gown which attracted attention was of white satin, over which was draped bright emerald green chiffon. The trimming consisted of handbags of green, embroidered in antique gold. The skirt had a full pleated front panel, which might have been a copy of the Turkish attire. The design and colors of the embroidery were brilliant and strikingly Oriental.

This was one of the most attractive toilettes seen at the races. Another gown that attracted attention was of white satin, with a floral design embroidered in East Indian effect. The overskirt of emerald green chiffon was bordered with silk fringe. A low, round neck and long sleeves, with a full falling over the hand marked this costume.

The number of long sleeves seen was notable. Some were seven-eighths and others full length.

The gathering at Longchamps, as well as the one at Auteuil, was just a mass of brilliant coloring and was noted for its old combinations in color. White or champagne gowns were trimmed with orange, old gold or pomegranate. A pink lace gown had a deep girde of king's blue velvet.

Fichus were in strong evidence. Lace costumes were plentiful and a favorite combination seems to be white lace with dark chiffon and dark silk, or striped example being a dress combining white chiffon, white Venise and black chantilly in a most charming manner.

Then there were handsome white lace gowns over black or dark blue velvet. The full length, black and white, or white embroidered voile were greatly admired. These were usually worn over white voile dresses made up over silver colored satin. The trimmings were silver gauze braid and apple green shot taffeta, making an exquisite combination.

There's no such a Thing as Energizing on a One-Half Ration of Sleep! Gaily is Tedious and Grouchiness is Offensive—but there's a Mid-Path!



Some Sweethearts of Mine
 By R. Cornelius Raby

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)
 This Volume Is Affectionately Inscribed to My Dearest Sweetheart of Them All, the Only One Who Has Not Jilted Me, (God Only Knows Who She Is.)

NO. III.—BESSIE.

On a Sunday in March, 1900, I was driving with a pleasant middle-aged gentleman along a road which wound through the hills in the northern part of Essex County in Maine.

Mr. Mackey had brought me out from San Antonio to teach the rural school in that district for the unexpired term.

Bessie was Mr. Mackey's little girl, and one of my pupils; and as I boarded at their home I saw a good deal of her. How I came to fall in love with her and the consequences to me, are best related in the words of a letter I wrote to Bessie years afterward, in which I unfolded the story of my love:

My Dear Bessie:
 I am going to tell you a little story, and in some parts, of a very pretty little Southern girl and a awkward, foolish little boy. The story begins at a time when the little boy has grown into something of a little man. He went to Maine to teach school.

Teaching school was a new experience to him. He gave the boys to understand that he was there to be obeyed, and when they misbehaved he gave them a whipping. He never whipped the girls. But he could not manage them quite so well as he did the boys. This is where the little girl of my story comes in. She was Mr. Mackey's daughter.

One morning, the first day of school after the Christmas holidays, she was not at school when the bell rang.

The day following, her brother came alone and brought a note from her. She explained that she was needed at home, but would be at school the next day and would be please write and tell her what lessons to prepare.

A School Teacher's Lesson From Cupid.

The other children were watching him, so he threw the note into the empty stove. At recess he reclaimed from the ashes the paper he had cast away. It was a message from her—written by her own hand, and the first he had received. He smoothed it out, refolded it carefully and kissed it again and again.

The next day she came and he was very happy. He knew now that he was in love with her, and it didn't worry him in the least.

Just then things began to get lively at school. This clever little girl had come to realize her power, and she began to use it. She soon found that if she wanted a favor at school, all she had to do was to go up to him and smile a little, and him what she wanted and she would get it without any trouble.

The teacher no longer was master of the pupils. It was she, instead, that ruled the teacher; and her rule was a stern and cruel one. Love had conquered duty. No good ever came of this.

And no good came of it in this case. She seemed to become every day more imperious, more unkind and cruel to him.

Then school began to draw to a close, and he asked himself what he should do. Should he take the school for another year? No; he must go away and forget her, and in this way only could he hope to be cured. The further he went, the better, otherwise he might be tempted to come back. So he decided to go to New York, for he often fancied he would like to be there.

A Goodby That Brought No Forgetfulness.

He said goodbye very bravely to the little girl, and pretended not to care that he was leaving her. He thought that in all the excitement of life in a large city he would soon forget about this little girl who had so painfully twisted his heart-strings down in Texas. Which only shows that he did not realize, even then, how very much he loved her.

When Christmas came around, he sent her a little box of stationery and a short letter. This time, much to his surprise, she answered him. But it was a cruel message she sent. She thanked him and said that as she was corresponding with another young man the stationery would come in very handy. Of course, that made him perfectly miserable, because he knew that she only said that to hurt his feelings. I suppose she thought it was a capital joke, and a very funny letter.

This, followed by sundry observations in the first person, wherein I referred to her as an "angel" and invoked the blessings of Heaven upon her as the "sweetest and kindest of all dear little girls," was the epistle which I despatched to Bessie.

Then came Bessie's reply. Most surely, she began, I had been waiting impatiently for a letter from her. (Yes, Bess, and certainly two months is an awfully long time to wait for an answer to a letter like that.) But she had been kept very busy at home, and had no time to write sooner. (Upon very fine, but the nights were turning cold. Ah, Bess, is that why your heart, too, has lost its warmth?) The tank had run over after a heavy rain, but the boys had fixed it. She often went to bathe in the tank—I ought to see her dive. (No doubt, Bess, it would be an inspiring spectacle.) This and other absorbing intelligence was followed by this startling paragraph:

"Oh, by the way, let me thank you for the piece of 'History' you wrote me. Pretty good—but see, if I was to sit down and waste time to think and write about the past, like you did, I would have more than enough to do. School days seem like ages ago to me."

(To Be Continued.)

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"
 What's the Use of Being Blue?
 There Is a Lot of Luck Left.
 By Clarence L. Cullen.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)
 The Main Kink works Two Ways:
 In Doing It a Little Better than the Other Fellow, or In Not Letting Him Do It Better than you!

The Man who Invites you to "Go as Far as You Like" often is unfamiliar with your Speed!

Even when the Game isn't on we like to Keep the Binocular Trained on the Chap who has to be Reminded that he's Shy in Every Part!

When we're Out of Tune with the Symphony of Life we Can't Expect Return Engagement!

Jealousy, like a Ship under a Jury Rig, can Only Limp into the Haven!

The Pitiable Thing about the Grouch is that he usually considers it Masterfulness!

The Fellow who Frankly is Afraid to Fight, but Fights all the Same, is the Boy who merits the Bouquet!

Bunkology consists in Calling It Impunctuality when we really mean that we're Broke!

There's no such a Thing as Energizing on a One-Half Ration of Sleep!

Garrulity is Tedious and Grouchiness is Offensive—but there's a Mid-Path!

Destiny Loves to Nag the Man who Makes a Detour Around the Issue!

A Little Luck, plus Flipping—that's the Combination!

Heracles would have Failed had he Tried to Pin a "They Say" to his Source of Information!

Destiny Enjoys a Rollicking Laugh at the Man who hands it a Disturb!

You don't have to Abide by a Remediable Mistake!

When you're Broke it's an Agreeable Exercise to Capitalize Mentally your Earning Capacity!

The Trouble about "the Sense of Duty Well Fulfilled" is that it's such an Intangible Bonus!

If we all Loaded on the Job while we "Waited for the Clouds to Roll By" the Landladies would be Kept Busy putting Padlocks on our Doors!

We Never Found out Just Exactly what Shadow Boxing was until we Began to Quarrel with our Luck!

Some of us Preserve Our Ideals solely because we can't Cash 'Em in at the Pay-Off Window!

The Reason why we Can't Put our Finger on Happiness is that it Consists Mainly in Not Being Unhappy.